

4 9
He has kept his Word.

A *Eng. Poetry*
P O E M.

T O

Perpetuate the M E M O R Y

O F T H A T

GLORIOUS ACTION

Of the BRAVE

ADMIRAL VERNON. K

W H O

With Six S H I P S Only,

T O O K

P O R T O B E L L O.

Written by a G E F T L E M A N on Board that F L E E T.

L O N D O N:

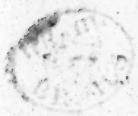
Printed for C. Brown, in the Strand, and to be had
of the Persons who carry the News.

1739

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He has kept his Word .

A P O E M.

WHEN Britain's Lyon lu'd supinely lay,
 And in pacifick sloth kept fames away :
 While Depredations, by the Spaniards made,
 Most insolently injur'd Albion's Trade :
 By trifling, and by long harangues, and jars,
 By warlike Peaces and by peaceful Wars ;
 Our merchant suffer'd, and did long complain,
 Their Commerce ruin'd, still they sigh'd in vain ;
 By vile Conventions, and the wiles of Courts,
 Reduc'd to clamour out their last efforts.
 Till wak'd by wrong, Britannia's genius rose,
 Resolv'd to curb her bold audacious foes :
 To stop proud Rapine's foul felonious course,
 Our gracious Monarch sends a Naval force ;
 His awful Navy wild ambition checks,
 And bears chastizing vengeance on her decks ;
 Those dreadful bulwarks wear great GEORGE's name,
 Of Honour, Justice, Property and Laws.
 Methinks I see each gallant warlike boat,
 Ride on the waves, and triumph as they float :
 All uncontroll'd they lord it o'er the main,
 Nor heed the petty rage of haughty Spain ;
 Their pyrate gashed ships (authors of our jars)
 Skulk and abscond when Britain's Flag appears.
 Their port of war (vain, pompous, empty name)
 At once surrender'd when brave VERNON came :
 The British ships, who ne'er to Spaniards stoop,
 Display'd the cross on every hostile poop :
 Sage BROWN serene attacks their Iron Fort,
 In GEORGE's floating Palace Hamp on Court ;

He draws his sabre, bids his cannons roar;
 Nor were the native *Indians* frightn'd more,
 When cruel *Spaniards* first approach'd their shore,
 Each ship succeeds as in the line they run,
 And all their hostile fury soon was done,
 Amaz'd, they saw BRITANNIA's dreadful fire,
 And all confus'd in horrid haste retire:
 The frightn'd town, all passive, begs a truce.
 And yield their treasure for the VICTOR's Use.

Raptur'd my artless muse is bid to say,
 That BRITISH spirits still with BRITON's stay;
 Nor will their wonted courage ever cease,
 'Till they've obtain'd an honourable peace.
 Let *Philip's* haughty Queen no more in vain,
 Dare to provoke the RULER of the main,
 To the remotest shores his power he sends,
 To thunder on his foes, and guard his friends,

F I N I S.



